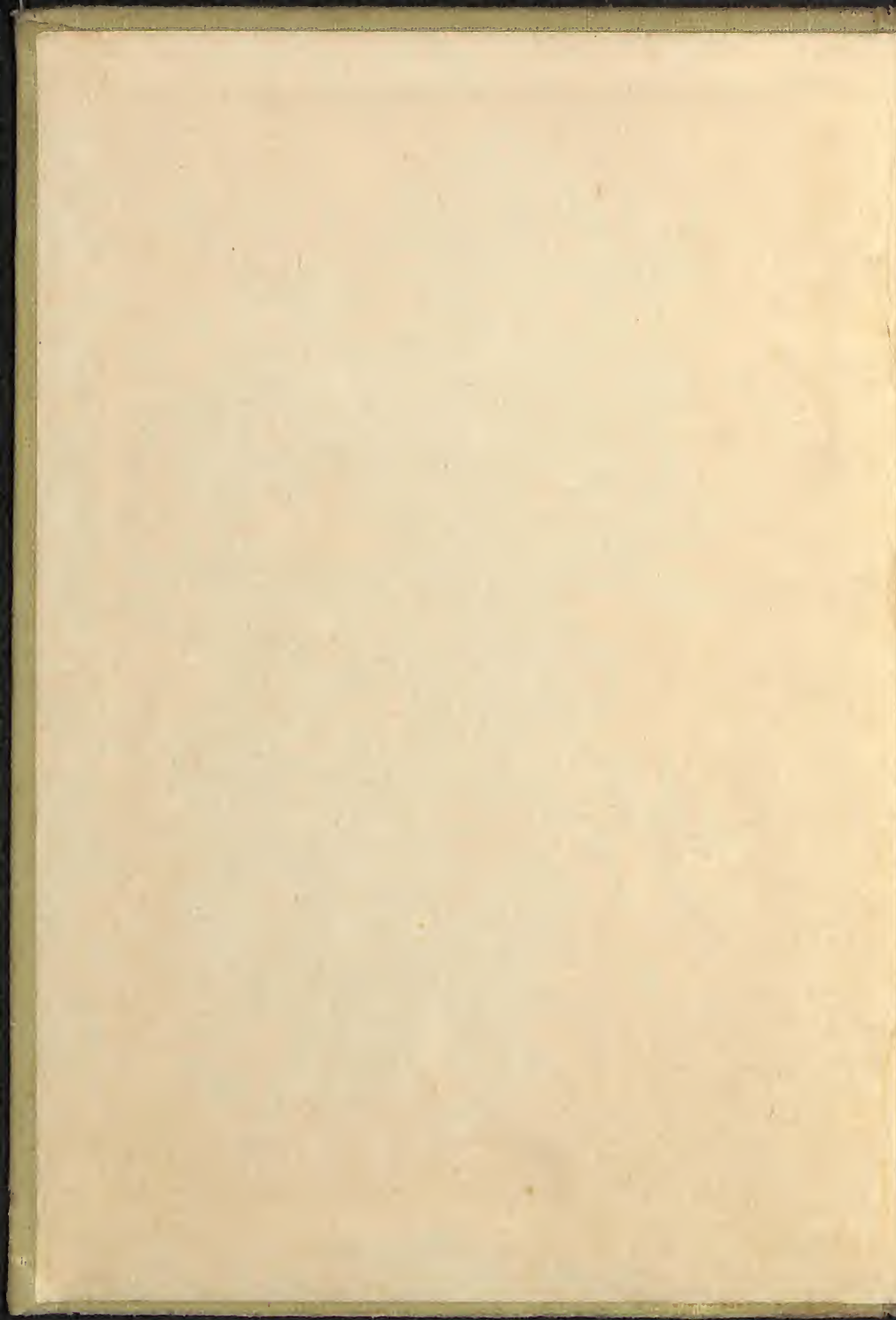


BETTY'S CARNIVAL



ALICE HALE BURNETT



To

Elizabeth Updegraff

from

Grandpa & Grandma
Updegraff

THE BETTY BOOKS

By ALICE HALE BURNETT

(For Girls 8 to 10 years old)

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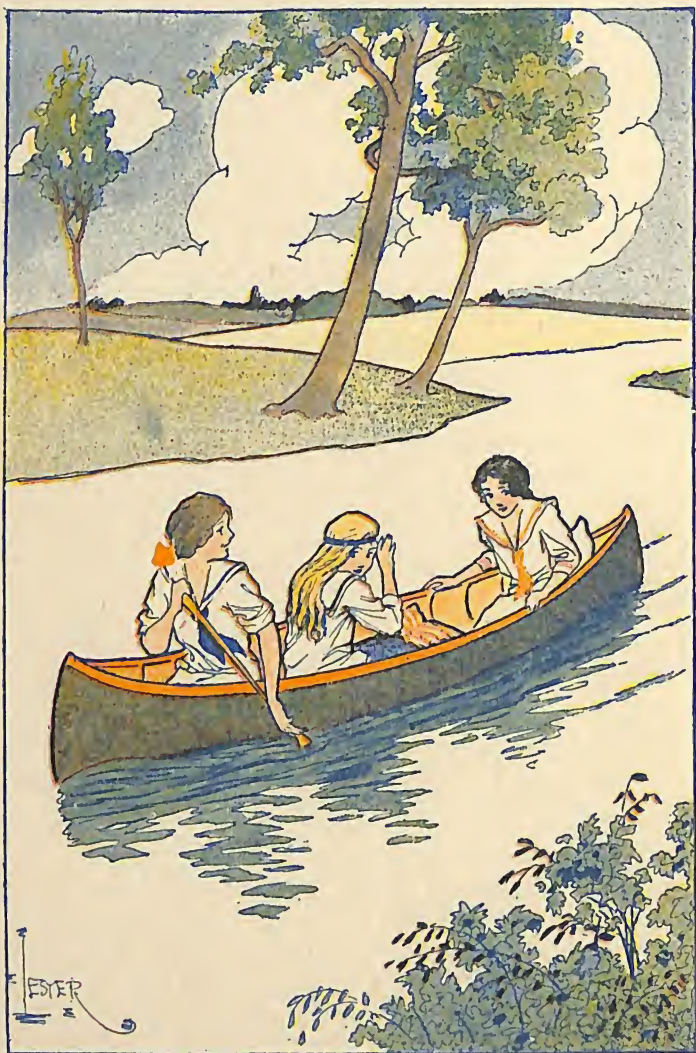
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BETTY'S CARNIVAL



"You splash me every time you put the paddle in," said Louise.

THE BETTY BOOKS

BETTY'S CARNIVAL

BY

ALICE HALE BURNETT

AUTHOR OF "THE MERRYVALE BOOKS," ETC.

PICTURES BY

CHARLES F. LESTER



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BETTY'S CARNIVAL

CHAPTER I

OUT IN THE CANOE

"OH, Amy, do be careful," pleaded Louise, "you splash me every time you put the paddle in."

Amy turned a laughing face over her shoulder to look at the speaker.

"Why, I'm getting along beautifully now. Don't you remember what dreadful splashes I made yesterday," she reminded the others.

"But we had on our bathing suits then," returned Betty with a gay laugh.

The three girls were intimate friends, who loved nothing better than to be together. They all attended school in the small town in which they lived during the winter, and being very nearly of an age, were in the same class.

Betty Boughton's family always spent the summer in a little village in the mountains of Vermont, and this year she had been allowed to invite her two friends, Louise and Amy, to pay her a visit. Of course they had been delighted to come, and had taken the long railroad journey together.

Many good times had followed their

arrival, the girls and boys of the village inviting them to join in the jolly rides and picnic parties they knew so well how to plan.

This afternoon the girls had decided to go canoeing or Amy had decided for them, because she had made up her mind that she was going to learn how to paddle and this was her second attempt.

Betty had proposed that they wear bathing suits the day before, knowing well that there would be a great deal of splashing and perhaps a ducking in store for them when Amy took the paddle in hand.

In this Betty was right, for there was much laughter and excitement, too,

when Amy began her first struggles with the paddle, and the canoe seemed to do everything but turn upside down.

But Amy was doing much better to-day, and she sent them skimming along over the water, her cheeks aglow and her dark eyes dancing, as the soft summer breeze blew her hair from side to side.

Louise leaned back against a bright red cushion, which was behind her, and trailed her hands through the cool water as they went along.

"I'm glad it's not over our heads," she said with a contented sigh.

"Oh, it's not a bit exciting," pouted Betty. "Let's think of something else to do."

"Oh, don't be a goose," laughed Amy. "It's glorious to go skimming along like this. I only wish I could make us go faster."

"What's the matter, Bet, tell us?" begged Louise. "You're never pouty unless something is troubling you."

Amy took the paddle from the water, and turned about to face the others, allowing the canoe to drift silently along.

"You might as well," she encouraged Betty, "for you sha'n't have a secret from us, and then, too, perhaps we can help."

"Oh, you may think I'm awfully silly to worry about it," said Betty, "but this morning I saw something in the paper; it

was a picture of a lot of poor, ragged, little city children, playing in a fountain. Underneath the picture it read, "Three dollars will send one of these children to the country for a week. Won't you help?" "

Amy and Louise had not expected to hear anything like this, so neither made any comment as Betty continued:

"All day long I've tried to think of something else and it's the funniest thing," she laughed, "everything makes me think of the three dollars it would take to send one of those poor little mites away for a week's fun."

"The city's awfully hot sometimes," interrupted Amy. "It must be dread-

ful for the poor children who never get away from it."

"I went into the garden," Betty told them, "and there were three beautiful pink roses on my favorite bush. A little while after I was in the swing, and what do you think I saw?" she asked.

The others shook their heads.

"Three silly dish towels waving on the clothes line."

Peals of laughter broke from the two girls, in which Betty joined.

"And there are three of us in the canoe," laughed Amy. "Have you thought of that?"

"Of course I noticed it," replied

Betty. "That's why I wanted to go back."

"But we promised to help Amy," Louise reminded her.

"That's so," and Amy puckered up her brow, as if in deep thought, then after a moment she smiled. "I've a fine idea. Let's each one of us think hard for three minutes of some plan to help Betty send that troublesome three dollars to the Fresh Air Fund."

Betty, elbows on knees, let her chin rest on her hands, as she sat gazing out over the river to the green fields. What fun, she thought, those little children could have running about in the tall meadow grasses.

There were heaps of buttercups that looked like pools of sunshine, here and there, and wonderful daisies that grew so high one could play hide-and-seek in them.

Louise lifted her hands, from which the drops of water fell sparkling like jewels in the late afternoon sunshine, and covered her face with them.

"I mustn't look at anything," she thought, "for if I do I'll begin day dreaming, and then I'll never think of a plan."

If you have read any other stories about Betty and her two friends, you will know that Louise believed in fairies, and wasn't a bit ashamed of it either.

Amy had turned around at once, and started paddling. She felt she could always think better when doing something.

The little waves of the river danced merrily along beside them, and a tiny whirlpool of water followed each stroke of the paddle, as it left the water.

"We've had picnics and parties," she said to herself, "and we've even given plays in the attic, so this must be something new, then everybody will want to come."

At this moment Betty almost upset the canoe by turning about suddenly.

"I know!" she cried in great excitement. "Let's give a party on the water!"

"Oh, you darling, how did you ever think of it?" and Louise threw her arms about Betty's neck and gave her a squeeze.

"If it hadn't been for my expert paddling," laughed Amy, "we would all have gone overboard. But let's talk about the party," she added.

"Shall we call it an entertainment?" suggested Louise. "It's much more dignified and grown up."

"We don't want to be dignified and grown up, do we, Bet?" asked Amy. "When people get grown up they're so pokey and proper, and never go out without gloves and I hate gloves," she ended with a laugh.

"Of course not," agreed Betty, "let's call it something new; let's call it a Carnival."

"That's fine," cried Amy and Louise at the same moment.

"Betty, you're wonderful; how did you ever think of it?" inquired Amy.

"I guess one of the fairies Louise talks so much about must have told me."

"It will take us days to plan everything," remarked Louise.

"It's going to mean a lot of hard work, too," assented Amy, turning the canoe around with a few swift strokes of the paddle, and heading it towards home.

"But we always have such fun that the work doesn't matter," she ended.

"Fun or no fun," declared Betty with a determined air, "I've got to get that three dollars out of my mind."

The others laughed, but Betty, looking back at the field of golden buttercups and daisies, felt glad in her heart that she had found a way to make some little child happy.

CHAPTER II

CHARLIE OFFERS HIS HELP

THE very next morning the three girls set about planning the Carnival.

There was a beautiful lawn around the Boughton Homestead, with many fine old trees casting their shadows over it, and under one of these the biggest of them all the three girls sat.

Old green-top they called it, and many a summer day, had you looked, you could have found them high up in

its branches, which, by the way, were all named, the lowest being the kitchen and dining room and so on until you climbed into the topmost of them all when you found yourself in the attic.

It was here with books and plenty of apples to munch on as they read, that the girls spent many happy hours that never-to-be-forgotten summer.

"If we only knew what we were going to have we would know whom to ask," remarked Louise. "Tell us what it's going to be like, Betty."

"That's not fair," answered Betty. "I thought up the plan and the name, and now you expect me to think up all the rest."

"Never mind, Bet. I've a beautiful idea," cried Amy. "Let's have floats with people on them."

"What are floats?" inquired Louise.

"Well, they're like big rafts," explained Amy, "and you make up tableaux on them, and float them down the river."

"We can think up some lovely tableaux, and, of course, we can use boats instead of rafts whenever they will do."

"How about Washington crossing the Delaware?" asked a boy's voice, and the girls looked up to see Betty's neighbor and chum step out from behind the trunk of old Green-Top.

Charlie, who was a great favorite with all the young folks, was greeted with a laugh at his sudden and unexpected appearance.

"Come and sit down," invited Betty. "We're planning a Carnival, and you can help us."

"Never heard of one in my life. What's it like?" he inquired, accepting her invitation to join them.

"Mercy, how boys always flop," thought Louise, as Charlie threw himself with a soft thud on the grass beside her.

Then they explained about their desire to raise some money, and how Betty had thought of a water Carnival.

"It's a great idea," he agreed, "if we

can get all the other boys and girls to help; and let's sell things, too," he added after a pause, "like lemonade and cake. I know you girls can make good cake; I remember some you took on a picnic, and I guess Nick remembers it, too."

They all laughed at this, recalling the time Nick had eaten almost all of the cake before anyone had found out.

"There's a picture in my history book of Washington crossing the Delaware, and it would make a lovely tableau," said Louise.

"It wouldn't do," laughed Amy. "There's no ice. Don't you remember how much ice there was in the picture, and it was snowing, too."

"We could have Columbus discovering America," cried Betty. "There isn't any snow in that."

"Of course we could, and I'll be Columbus," offered Charlie.

"Well, thank goodness, that's settled," and Amy took pad and pencil from where they lay on the grass beside her and wrote, "Tableau No. 1. Columbus landing in 1492," as it was printed in her book.

"Let's have Lincoln freeing the slaves," suggested Charlie.

"No, it's going to be a pretty carnival, with fancy costumes," announced Betty.

"I've thought of a darling one for the

Hawley twins," cried Louise. "Babes in the woods."

"We could have the Gypsy fortune teller," proposed Amy. "That would make a pretty one."

"Oh, yes," agreed Betty. "We'll have some one with dark hair to be the gypsy, and some one with light hair could be kneeling before her having her palm read."

"Well, if it's all got to be on the water," Charlie said with a laugh, "we fellows will have to make a lot of rafts."

"We'll place the chairs on the bank, three or four rows of them," Betty explained, "and the tableaux can be ar-

ranged on the rafts just around the bend of the river, out of sight of those looking on."

"Fine idea," agreed Charlie. "Then after the raft has floated by the audience, the tableaux can be taken off and the empty raft poled back up the river for a new one to be put on."

"I think three rafts will be enough," said Amy, so that was settled, and for the rest of the morning the girls laughed and chatted together about their plans.

Once in a while some one would think of a good idea, and Amy, fearing they might forget it, would jot it down on the pad.

Charlie promised to get the other boys all interested in the Carnival at once, and set them to work as soon as possible upon the rafts.

CHAPTER III

A LUNCHEON PARTY

"OH, look at Mirandy," cried Amy.
"What do you suppose she's got?"

"That's easy," laughed Charlie.
"Whenever you see Mirandy it means something good to eat," and in this he proved to be right, for Mirandy, coming towards them, carried in her arms a large tray laden with good things.

"What fun to have it out here," cried Amy.

"You're a perfect dear, Mirandy," Louise told her, as she helped to pass the napkins.

But Betty threw her arms about Mirandy's waist, and gave her a great hug.

"How did you guess that I was just pining to have luncheon out here?" she cried, and this made Mirandy all the happier, because she had loved Betty, whom she called her little mistress, from the day of her babyhood, and liked above all other things to please her.

Charlie now commenced filling the glasses from the crystal pitcher, which was brimming full to the top with delicious lemonade, while Betty and the others arranged the dainty little lunch-

eon on the white cloth they had laid on the grass beside them.

"I'll borrow your history, Louise, if there's a picture of Columbus in it," began Charlie.

"Oh, yes, there is," she assured him. "I remember it well; he's holding a flag in one hand, and a roll of paper in the other."

"But where in the world will we ever get all the costumes that we're going to need?" wondered Betty to herself, and a moment later, Amy, who had been thinking the same thing, remarked:

"It's going to be dreadfully hard to get all those costumes; it will cost too much to hire them, it would use up all

the money we'll get from the tickets."

"Why not make them out of paper muslin?" proposed Louise. "That only costs a few cents a yard."

"You smart child; go up to the head of the class," cried Betty. "It's the very thing."

"When you look at it from just a little way off it looks like satin," declared Amy. "What a duck you were to think of it, Louise."

"You think we should sell lemonade and cake?" Betty looked at Charlie as she spoke.

"I do," he answered. "Everybody buys it, and you can charge what you like for it."

"If you boys will build us some sort of a booth we'll make it very gay with pink and white bunting," promised Amy.

"Say, when are we going to have this show?" asked Charlie suddenly.

"Carnival, if you please, Charlie," reproved Betty, who felt that as she had taken the trouble to think up such a nice name they should all use it.

"A week from Saturday," Louise told him, "that will give us plenty of time."

Charlie scrambled to his feet. "I almost forgot, I'm going swimming this afternoon. I'll see most of the boys at the 'hole' and tell them about it," and he was off.

Suddenly, half way across the broad lawn, he stopped, and, turning his head over his shoulder, called back to them.

"I had a fine time. The lunch and everything was great."

In another moment he had disappeared behind a tall hedge.

"What do you suppose he meant by *everything?*" said Betty with a laugh.

CHAPTER IV

HARD AT WORK

ONE busy day followed another. All the girls and boys of the village seemed delighted to do their part to help make Betty's Carnival a success, and the mothers helped, too.

This very afternoon Mrs. Boughton had invited all the girls to come and sew at her home.

It was Friday, and there were still many seams to stitch. The girls and

boys had been divided into groups of threes or more, and each group had chosen its own tableau.

Some had kept their choice a secret from the rest, and a great many questions were being asked now by those who were very curious to know just what the rest had chosen.

Amy was seated in a low wicker chair, almost hidden from sight under yards and yards of leaf green muslin. Louise, who sat near her, was sewing on some white material.

"Do tell us what it's going to be, Betty," begged Ruth Benton, a girl of about her own age. "I won't breathe it to a soul," she promised.

"Why, I couldn't," laughed Betty. "It wouldn't be fair to Louise and Amy."

"Then I suppose I must wait until tomorrow," replied Ruth with a sigh.

"Wasn't it darling of him?" interrupted a voice near the window.

Betty turned quickly in the direction from which the voice had come, and saw a group of girls, their heads bent over their work, all chatting together.

"Whom are you talking about?" she asked.

"Why, Uncle Roddy bought three tickets," explained Florence Tyler, a tall girl with heaps of the loveliest light golden hair, "and he knew all the time

he couldn't use them. He said he liked to help a good cause along."

"Well, I should say he was a darling!" exclaimed Betty.

"But the funniest part's to come," laughed Florence. "Ned thought he would get the tickets (Ned was her brother), and he had invited Mabel Howe to go with him. But Uncle Roddy gave them to Sally, our cook, so Ned had to buy two for himself and Mabel."

"I've sold seven already, and have a promise for two more," said a girl sitting near Florence.

"Seven tickets at twenty-five cents is one dollar and seventy-five cents; my,

but that's perfectly splendid," cried Betty. "I hope we'll all do half as well."

Meanwhile, a number of boys were hard at work on the booth in which the lemonade and cake would be sold.

They were building it on the side lawn not far from the water, for like most of the old places in the village, the Boughton homestead was near the river.

The camp chairs were to arrive the first thing in the morning, as old Mr. Brower had promised, "and he has been perfectly dear about them, too," Amy was saying.

"You know when I ordered them he asked if any one was dead or getting

married. I just couldn't help giggling, but I said no, we were giving a Carnival. He pushed his spec's up on his head," continued Amy, imitating him, "and stared at me with his round, blue eyes."

"‘A Carnival, well, now do tell,’ he drawled. So I had to tell him all about it, and when he heard what we were going to do with the money he chuckled and slapped his knee. ‘By jinks, you kin have ’em for nothing,’ he promised."

"‘Mis’ Watkins was nice, too," spoke up Betty. "She *threw* in a dozen lemons when she heard why I was buying them, and said she hoped to get to go herself."

"I guess everybody's coming," Ruth

said with a little laugh. "The butcher's boy told me this morning he was going to go early, so as to get a front seat."

"Well, then it will be the first time he ever was early," laughed Florence. "He's always late bringing our order around."

At this moment Charlie stuck his head inside the door.

"It's finished," he cried, 'come on out, everybody, and trim it up.'"

Some of the girls were too busy to move, while others went to the window for a peek at the booth, but Betty ran out at once to see and praise what the boys had worked so hard to build.

In a few moments she returned.

"Charlie is so disappointed that we're not going to trim it until the morning," she told them. "He is sure it isn't going to rain tonight."

"He acts like a child does over a Christmas tree," laughed Virginia Dalton.

"Well, we sha'n't trim it even to please him, for if it rained the color would all run," insisted Amý, who knew that Betty hated to disappoint any one. "Have they finished the floats yet?"

"Jack Hawley's helping Francis on the last one, and the other boys have gone to gather the boughs. Charlie stayed behind to help us trim," explained Betty.

"I know what he can do," suggested



"Here you are; help yourself," said Charlie.

Louise. "Help me roll the lemons to soften them; but would you mind asking him to wash his hands first, Betty? I don't like to."

All the girls laughed at this.

"I don't mind asking him a bit. I'll send him to you in the kitchen," promised Betty.

"I just know I'm going to fall overboard," giggled Ruth, "so perhaps I'd better bring some extra clothes, in case anything happens then I can change."

"It's not over our heads anywhere," remarked Florence. "I wouldn't be afraid, dear."

"Well, you see, I have to stand up and hold the——"

"Ruth Benton, will you be still!" interrupted Grace Arnold, one of the girls in the same tableaux with Ruth. "It's perfectly dreadful," she explained, turning to the others. "We're trying to keep it a secret, and Ruth is such a chatter-box."

"Oh, I'm so sorry. I forgot it was a secret," said Ruth, trying very hard to look penitent. "I won't say another word,—really."

"That's what you said this morning when you started to tell Doctor Bailey," teased Grace.

The time sped very quickly, and about half an hour later the girls bade Mrs. Boughton good-bye.

"It's been such fun all sewing here together," Florence told her, standing in the doorway, her arms full to overflowing with gay-colored bundles of muslin.

"I thought you would all enjoy it," answered Mrs. Boughton. "Is everything finished?"

"Yes, everything's ready," cried Betty, throwing her arms about her mother, and giving her a joyous hug.

CHAPTER V

THE DAY ARRIVES

BRIGHT and early next morning the three girls came down to breakfast.

"There was a beautiful sunrise, so you're going to have a clear day for the Carnival," said Mrs. Boughton, greeting them with a smile, as they entered the breakfast room.

"Isn't it glorious?" cried Amy, stepping over to the latticed window, and, leaning out, she broke off a rose from the

vine that grew beside it. Then walking over to where Mrs. Boughton sat she placed it in her hands.

"It matches your cheeks, dear," Mrs. Boughton told her, as she tucked the rose in her hair.

"I'm so happy," laughed Betty, dancing gaily about.

Louise, who was seated at the table, looked up with a smile.

"I've had the funniest dreams all night," and, as the others turned to listen, she added: "I was rolling a lemon, and it began to grow bigger and bigger, until it was as large as myself. Then I grew afraid of it, and started to run away, and it ran after me."

The others laughed heartily at this.

"Did it catch you?" asked Amy.

"I ran down a hill," continued Louise, "and when I got to the bottom, and turned back to see what had become of the lemon, there stood a fat old gentleman in a yellow coat. He asked me what time it was, and I noticed that his face was very dirty."

"Sounds like Alice in Wonderland," said Betty.

"Why, you were rolling lemons yesterday with Charlie," Amy reminded her, "and don't you remember asking that he wash his hands?"

"Why, of course, I never thought of that," said Louise with a laugh.

Breakfast over, the girls busied themselves doing the many little things that always seemed left until the last minute.

Amy, with sleeves rolled up, was in the kitchen helping Mirandy make cookies. She had a large blue and white checked apron tied about her high up under her arms, and as soon as Mirandy would roll out the batter Amy was ready with cutter in hand to shape it into stars and diamonds, and other fancy forms that were meant, later on, to attract the eye.

Mirandy had promised to make as many as possible.

"We're going to sell them for a penny

apiece," Amy told her, "so it's just like your giving us the money."

"I reckon on makin' two hundred," answered Mirandy. "I guess ain't many goin' to do any better den dat. But p'raps you can't sell 'em all," she ended with a heavy sigh.

"Oh, what a fraud you are," laughed Amy, "when you know perfectly well how every one loves your cookies. Why, they always go first on the picnics, long before the cakes."

Mirandy beamed with pleasure, for she knew this to be true, but like lots of other people, she loved to hear her cooking praised.

Louise had hurried off to make the

three little white beds that stood side by side in the large, pleasant room that the girls shared together, and to "tidy up," as she called it, for Louise was rather a prim little lady, and liked her things kept in their right places, so she would know just where to find them when needed.

"If there isn't another one of that child's hair ribbons, and under the bed of all places," she scolded. "I wonder where she'll be flinging them next."

She was speaking of Amy, who, I regret to say, was anything but neat, as she seemed always to leave her things just where she took them off.

But Louise couldn't help laughing,

when turning down the corners of Amy's bed she found a round, little white fur ball of a kitten all cuddled up taking his morning nap.

"You adorable thing," she cried, taking the kitten up in her arms, and holding it against her cheek. "What a naughty little mite you are to go to sleep in Amy's bed."

As she stood there, Mrs. Boughton passed through the hallway, and, catching sight of Louise, she stopped for a moment.

"Well, little red hen," she laughed, "I see they've given you the homely task to do."

"Oh, no," Louise hastened to assure

her, "I chose it myself. You see," she said with a smile, "I pretend that it's really my own house when I'm making up the beds and dusting, and that Amy and Betty are my two daughters. It isn't a bit hard to do things when you have a pretend game to play as you work."

"That's a splendid idea," replied Betty's mother. "I should like to try it myself, so you run along outdoors with the others."

Louise hurried to obey, and found Betty hard at work trimming the booth, with Charlie's aid.

"Please hand me up some more of that white bunting," called Betty from

the top step of the ladder upon which she was standing, "and I'll finish this side."

"Here you are, help yourself," said Charlie, tossing up to her an armful of the goods she wanted.

"Say, Betty," he added, "that looks fine."

"Oh, does it, really?" she responded, greatly pleased.

"It's beautiful," Louise assured her, walking around the booth to admire the gay festoons of pink and white, with which it was trimmed. "You must be an artist, Betty, to know how to do it so well."

"I hope every one likes it," she an-

swered, a faint pink stealing into her cheeks from the many words of praise.

CHAPTER VI

MIRANDY'S COOKIES

AT six o'clock that evening the grounds were crowded with people. Nicholas was taking in the tickets at the front gate; and had long since become tired of counting up how many he had received.

"I know there's over eight dollars' worth here," he shouted to Amy, who, standing with a group some distance off, had called out:

"How many?"

"Did you hear that?" cried Ruth, "eight dollars already, and there are more to come."

Betty now ran up to join them.

"I've just been to the kitchen, and what do you think? You'll never guess, so I might as well tell you. Mirandy is baking more cookies! She says she'll 'bake as long as they'll buy.' "

"Stage manager Charlie wants every one to go to the dressing rooms at once," called out Morton in a loud voice. Morton was Charlie's right-hand man on this occasion, and quite enjoyed ordering the others about. "The first float must go down the river in ten minutes," he added.

"That means me," cried Florence, and started running towards the house to get her costume.

Two tents had been borrowed to use as dressing rooms, and these the boys had pitched on the river bank just out of sight of the audience.

Over the doorway of one hung a large cardboard sign, on which was printed with ink, in large letters, the words: "Stars' Dressing Room." The other was reserved for the boys.

The girls hurried off, and a few minutes later were crowded together in their tent, the few who were to be called first being helped into their costumes by those whose turn would come later on.

Nailed to a large tree was a list, giving the name of each tableau, and the order in which they would follow each other.

This had been Betty's own idea so that things would not get mixed up, and every one thought it a fine plan.

Mrs. Boughton asked the people to be seated, and the camp chairs that Mr. Brower had so generously donated were already filled, one by the old gentleman himself, and another by Miss Watkins, who had closed her shop at five o'clock sharp so as to be sure to be on time. No one had ever known this to happen before, as she had always kept open late on Saturdays, so many of those present

looked in surprise, as, dressed in her Sunday muslin, she came tripping over the lawn.

"I wouldn't have missed it for the world," she whispered to her neighbor, after she was comfortably seated.

"It's real pleasant having entertainments like this." It was the grocer's wife who spoke. "Have a cookie?" and she held out a bag containing five star-shaped ones.

"Well, I don't care if I do," said Miss Watkins, helping herself.

"They beat anything we got in the store, if I do say it myself," remarked the grocer's wife with a laugh.

CHAPTER VII

THE CARNIVAL

AROUND the bend in the river all was ready. Florence was being assisted onto the float by two of the boys, but all felt a little timid, fearing something might happen to spoil the first tableau.

A hush fell over the audience as the float came in sight.

Florence, tall and slim, stood in a gown of clinging white, holding high above her head a torch. She wore a cap

of blue, while a bright red sash encircled her waist, and unfurled behind her was a large American flag.

"The Goddess of Liberty," announced a boy's voice.

A gasp of surprise went up from the audience.

"To think," as some one said, "that those clever children could get it up all by themselves."

"How lovely!" "It's beautiful!" and many more flattering remarks were heard, as the float passed on down the river amid much applause.

Without a doubt the first tableau had been a great success.

Next came "Babes in the Woods," the

two parts being taken by the Hawley twins, Jack and Jill. They appeared to be lying asleep on some soft green boughs, barefooted and ragged, and half-covered with leaves. A few stuffed birds had been fastened on the branches of the small tree beneath which they lay.

This, too, was greeted with applause.

Then followed the swan boat, and it would take many words to describe just how pretty a picture this made.

Virginia had engaged the village carpenter to make a framework to look as much as possible like a swan. This done, they covered it with white cotton batting, and, given two black button eyes, it looked remarkably real.

Sky blue paper muslin had first been laid upon the raft, and the swan seemed to be floating upon a lake of clear blue water.

Virginia sat upon its back holding in her hands the light blue ribbon reins that matched her dress.

Floating beside her were three tiny craft that looked like lily pads, being round in shape and painted green. On each one was a small boy dressed in a frog costume.

Much to the enjoyment of the young children, as well as the "grown-ups," these frogs hopped about on their floats, while screams of laughter came from the little ones on the shore.

Virginia bowed and smiled to show her appreciation of the applause.

Charlie, with three other boys representing the landing of Columbus, came next, and it was so like the picture we all know in the history books that almost every one recognized it at once.

When Nicholas, dressed in the full regalia of an Indian brave, came in sight, the children clapped and shouted, and no wonder, for standing there so straight and strong, tanned by the summer suns, he looked a brave figure indeed. One hand was shading his eyes, as though he were searching for something far off on the horizon, while in the other hand he held a bow and arrow. The figure of a

wolf was painted on his bare chest to show the tribe to which he belonged.

"Hurrah for the Indian," cried one small boy, and forgetting there was anything to follow, he ran along the bank laughing and shouting, as he followed the Indian from sight.

After this it was announced that there would be a short intermission of ten minutes, and the people in the audience at once began expressing their opinion of the entertainment.

"I have attended a great many affairs of this kind," one sweet looking old lady was saying, "but never one that I enjoyed more."

"They have managed so beautifully,

and I hear they planned every detail of it themselves," remarked another.

A number had taken advantage of the intermission to hurry over to the booth for a cooling drink of lemonade, and Florence was kept busy filling the glasses and making change.

Amy and Louise, whose tableau was to come later, had run at once to the side of a young girl whose name was Rose. She was lying upon a light wicker couch, which had been brought from the house and placed among the first row of chairs on the river bank, so that she might have an uninterrupted view of the Carnival.

If you have met Rose before in any other stories of Betty and her friends,

you will know what a sweet, gentle girl she was.

Something was wrong with her back, the doctors said, and she had never walked from babyhood.

Every one loved Rose, perhaps as much for her patience and her happy way of thinking, as for her pretty face. No one could ever remember her being cross or saying unpleasant things, so hardly a day passed that there was not a visitor at the pretty little cottage in which she lived. Betty called it Bluebell Cottage, for there were so many of those flowers in the garden around it.

Just now Rose was laughing gaily at Amy's description of a mishap that had

befallen one of the frogs just after his float had passed out of view.

Jumping about on the tiny raft he had gone a little too near the edge, and without any warning, the boys, who were waiting to help the actors (as they called themselves) off the floats, saw a splash, and a moment later a very surprised and dripping frog climbed up the bank.

He looked so real as he scrambled out of the water that the others shouted with laughter, while he ran in haste to the kitchen to beg Mirandy's aid in drying his costume.

At this moment Betty joined the others, and bending over Rose said in a low voice.

"I'm glad you could come, dear. We wanted to have you see it."

"And I'm happy to be here," Rose told her with a smile, "and I want to see your float most of all. Are you keeping it for the last?"

"No, not the last. There are four more to come, and we are the third," whispered Betty. "I hope you'll like ours the best, though," she added.

"Shall I tell you a secret?" asked Rose, and a merry light danced in her eyes as she spoke.

"Please do," begged Amy.

"Well, it's this," she answered. "I shall like yours the best, because you're the three dearest friends I have."

CHAPTER VIII

A BIG SUCCESS

BETTY had only a moment left before she had to hurry back to the tent to put on her costume, but in that moment she pressed the frail little hand that she held in her own, then turned and ran toward the tents.

“Cinderella” opened the second part of the program.

A large float, bearing that dainty maiden, the prince, the stepmother, also

the two ugly sisters and the little page, held the attention of all eyes as it floated slowly by.

There, dressed in rags, sat Cinderella (the part being taken by Florence), her long golden curls falling about her shoulders, while the page, kneeling before her, was trying on the tiny glass slipper.

Ruth and Grace, dressed in fine silken gowns, were the two sisters. They tried very hard to appear cross and proud, and looked with great disdain at poor, timid Cinderella. Nicholas, who was the Prince, was dressed in a handsome suit and a fine plumed hat.

This scene was scarcely out of sight

when Susan Chase, as Betsy Ross, making the first American flag, appeared in the quaint costume of those early days.

She was seated on an old-fashioned chair with a spinning wheel beside her, and over her knees was spread the pieces of red, white and blue, just the same as the real Betsy Ross had used so many years ago to make for America the first flag.

"Three cheers for Betsy Ross and the flag," cried all the youngsters, cheering lustily.

A few moments later a canoe, the very same one in which the girls were paddling when our story opened, came gliding into view.

It was covered with green branches and moss, upon which rested three beautiful flowers, a lily, a rose, and a bluebell, all of gigantic size.

Just in front of the audience the canoe stopped, and voices were heard singing a song of spring, then slowly, as the sweet music floated out over the water, the petals of the flowers unfolded, one by one, until the girl within the heart of each could be seen.

Rose was filled with delight at the pretty sight, as were all the others. Louise, with her yellow hair, made a wonderful center for the lily, while Amy's pink cheeks matched the petals of the rose.



Rose was filled with delight.



Betty, her happy face aglow with pleasure, leaned forward and blew a kiss from her fingertips to Rose, who smiled and nodded in return. Then, amid a perfect storm of applause, the canoe passed from sight.

Following it came a float which, Charlie announced, would end the entertainment. He added also that he hoped it had been enjoyed by all.

Loud clapping followed his little speech, then the float appeared.

Ed and Morton, dressed as clowns, performed a number of funny tricks, standing on their heads and turning summersaults, to the great delight of all the children.

The clowns threw many handfuls of candies, wrapped in gay-colored papers, into the audience, and a merry scramble ensued among the children.

When they had at last floated by, Mrs. Boughton stepped before the audience and said:

"I am sure it will interest every one to know that the money received by this afternoon's entertainment is going to send three tired little city children for a week's outing in the country, and it is nice to know that all of the young people in this village have done their best to help make this Carnival a big success."

"It was your Carnival, Betty dear,"

said Amy. "We should never have thought of it."

"Of course we wouldn't," insisted Louise, who wanted Betty to have all the credit.

Betty slipped an arm about the shoulder of each girl, as the three friends walked slowly along the mossy bank.

"But I couldn't have done it alone, and I think we've all had just as much happiness as we're going to give," she ended with a happy laugh.

THE END

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